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ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT

the tenth assessment of ten (10) per

cent on the capital stock of the Honol-

ulu Rapid Transit & Land Company

will be due and payable to J. H.

Parker, Treasurer, at 611 Fort street

(upstairs,) Honolulu, on the 2d day

of April last. The shares upon which

an assessment may remain unpaid af-

ter thirty days from said date, will be

declared delinquent.

J. A. GILMAN.

Secretary H. R. T. & L. Co.

Honolulu, April 26, 1895.

1400-12

The Evening Bulletin, 15 cents per

month

**MEMORIAL DAY ORATION**

As was anticipated, there was a very large attendance at the ceremonies in Nuuanu cemetery yesterday afternoon over the graves of departed members of the G. A. R.

Upon the arrival of the procession at the cemetery the band took its position and played Old Hundred, the G. A. R. and speakers of the day taking their respective places. Post Commander Eaton read the ritual of the G. A. R. and then came the prayer of Chaplain Cook. Lorrie Andrews delivered in clear tones Lincoln's Gettysburg ad-

H. M. Sewall, orator of the day, delivered the following speech which, with the exception of the firing of three volleys over the graves of the dead heroes by a squad from the Sixth Artillery, was the last of the day's program:

Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic:

This is a day of memories for you. For us, who cannot call you comrades, it is a day of joy and inspiration.

As we have watched your yearly pilgrimage to this spot, with ranks ever thinner and steps more faltering, it does not need the insight of a seer for us to know that the joyous side of this day is not for you. Your thoughts go back to the comrades fallen in battle and to those who have dropped from your ranks—perhaps since last you met—never to return. And you realize, as you pass along the streets, that you live in a world of another generation—a generation strangers to you and to your deeds, for men are fathers now who at the time of Sumter and Appomattox were yet unborn; a generation which, like your own, have fought a war of justice and against oppression. The deeds and heroes of this war are in the mouths of all men, as yours were once. And you feel, perhaps, that even you—the defenders of the nation in her direst straits—have not been spared the penalty of growing old, and have been forgotten.

All this you can bear, if you must, but how it bends your proud spirits and cuts into your sensitive souls, to recall today the persecution to which you have been subjected for a quarter of a century; the attacks which picture you to your countrymen as an organization mendacious and mercenary—unworthy pensioners of a nation's bounty! Until you ask yourselves, if, after all, you have the reward brave men have the right to expect for the performance of patriotic duty, and the only reward outside of the consciousness of duty done, the gratitude of those to whom you have been benefactors. Especially may you ask here, for, notwithstanding the generous contribution these Islands made to the Union cause, you must be conscious that your organization has not had here the position of full regard in the community to which it is entitled. Geographical distance has added to the remoteness in time from the events of which you were a part to contribute to this; and here, in our eternal summer no budding spring marks this day as divinely appointed for these memorial services.

This is the somber side. If it gives you pain that I speak of it, I do so only because it is in your thoughts and because too I have a word of cheer to say. True it is that the present generation have fought a war—righteous and just. Buoyant in spirit and full of courage, like your selves, they responded to their country's call and carried its flag in honor and glory across the seas. Like you, they faced perils and privations and death as this added row of graves attest. But think you they were unmindful of what they owed to you? Think you they did not know and render thanks to you in soldiers' prayers, that you preserved to them a country to respond to, and a flag to carry forth? Think you they would have, if they could, their deeds and heroes take the place of yours? Santiago and Manila supplant Mobile Bay and the passage of the forts at New Orleans; Dewey supplant Farragut? Dewey—how we love him for what he did! Nothing he can do or that can be done in his name, can destroy that love or take from us our vested right of pride. But never—in the supreme moment of victory—did he rise to more heroic heights than when, after it was won, with the congratulations of his countrymen, and the tributes of the world pouring in upon him, in modesty and truth he attributed all that he had done to the teaching and inspiration of the great Admiral under whom he served—in youth.

San Juan was a gallant charge, but you recall a hundred just as gallant where you fought men of your own blood and worthy of your steel, and every one led by a Wood, a Roosevelt, or a Capron, and every regiment of rough riders! Roosevelt, who holds the hearts of the present generation as none other can—is Roosevelt unmindful of you?

"Thank God," says he, "for the iron in the blood of our fathers—the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln and bore sword and rifle in the army of Grant. Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days—let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion—praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected; that the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced, and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored and the mighty American Republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among nations."

No, veterans, with these tributes the past is secure. The shafts of malice can not reach you. The exigencies of party politics cannot harm you; nor the license of an unbridled press. We know too well the motives behind these attacks and whence they come—not, thank God, from the men who fought you so manfully. For there is no more

patriotic picture in the world than that of the wounded and maimed Confederates eking back to his devastated land to work and work cheerfully, to pay pensions to the Union soldier. Not from them have these attacks come, but from traitors at home and laggards in your own ranks. You had them in '60 and we had them in '98 and have them now. But they are as powerless to stifle the generous instincts of the American people as they are to stand in the way of our National destiny.

We recall with shame your persecution—the spies that were set upon you, the money of the Nation that was spent to fasten a stigma upon you; and we rejoice with you in your triumphant vindication. That pension roll came back to you—a roll of over 900,000 names, with less than fifty names erased; a roll of honor, as it was before, and as it evermore shall be. What, if in the imperfection of all human beings had been there wrongfully? Better this than that one worthy veteran should remain a monument to a nation's ingratitude!

The past is indeed secure, so, also, is the future. Here the skies have broken. The flag you fought to save floats above you. Your departed comrades sleep deep in the soil of their country. You are at home, thank God! And could these other silent sleepers speak, they would tell you of the ministering tenderness to these, our soldier boys—a tenderness approaching that of angels—the women of Honolulu.

The past is secure; aye, and so is the future. It does not need your presence here—least of all these feeble words—to celebrate this day. In the words you have just heard—words